

## Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

## Ventilation and Warmth of Buildings.

Three things, air, food, and sleep, are essential to the physical well-being of animals, including, of course, the human animal—man. Deprive an animal of either of these and he dies. The animal system is like a locomotive, a mass of dead matter unless supplied with the necessary amount of fuel and water—and food. These are recognized principles and need not be discussed here.

But the principles of ventilation, the methods of supplying the animal system with its proper proportion of air, when confined in buildings, are very imperfectly understood, even among those whose vocation it is to make provision for these things during the process of erecting the buildings. Ventilation and heat are inseparable. The moment a particle of air becomes heated it expands, occupies more space, becomes lighter, and rises; but it does not communicate any part of its heat to surrounding particles of air but coming in contact with some object having a greater affinity for heat than it has, it parts with it.

This peculiar property of the air renders the warming and cooling of buildings, and the supply of pure air easy and comparatively inexpensive. The fact that one particle of air does not communicate heat to another—that air is not a conductor of heat, is recognized in the construction of hollow walls, by which an amount of "dead air" is held. But it is not infrequently the case that these hollow walls are so constructed that when a fire is built on the inside, and the inner wall becomes warm, or the sun shines upon and warms the outer wall the air inside the space in the wall becomes heated and is immediately set in motion, defeating the object sought in the construction of the hollow wall or vacant space. The remedy for this defect consists in closing the space top and bottom with just as much care as on the sides, or in filling the space with some coarse substance, among the particles of which the air cannot circulate with so much freedom as in the open space; for this purpose spent-tan, saw-dust, turners chips, &c., are used. The proper construction of these walls, although they are not properly a part of the ventilating apparatus, is an indispensable prerequisite to its successful operation.

We come now to the consideration of the subject proper of our discussion—the ventilation of closed rooms. The fact that heated air rises, and cold air rushes in to fill the vacant space is the only one usually taken into the account in providing for a supply of fresh air, hence we have in all our buildings, public and private, the most erroneous and vicious appliances for the purpose. Our Normal School building from which are to come all our children's future instruction are not exceptions. A current of heated air is let in at the bottom while a register at the top is designed to let the foul air pass off, and just so much is partially accomplished, if there is a sufficient supply of the heated air, but to say that a proper temperature and proper purity of air by this process can be secured is to state that which has never been effected and never will be. The exhalations of the occupants of the room are heavier than pure air, and unless there is a very powerful upward current, notwithstanding the theory of the defusion of gasses the exhaled air, surcharged with noxious impurities, remains in the lower portion of the room remote from the supply register exerting a very deleterious effect.

Now the desired temperature and absolute purity of air, are both easily secured if we reverse the operation and admit the supply of heated air at the top of the room and connect the exhaust pipe with the floor register, of course assuming that it is necessary in any event, that the exhaust pipes be connected with a flue or chimney having a good draught. The air admitted in this event is pure and being heated is light and lies in uniform strata at the top of the room but as the lower strata of air in the room although cold, are warmer than the atmosphere outside, a current is established through the exhaust, and the coldest air with the noxious exhalations, passes off from the bottom and the upper strata of pure warm air press downwards and take its place. There is in this case no heaping up of air in one corner of the room as in the other and no offensive current; but we have the purest, sweetest, pleasantest, possible atmosphere in every part of the room.

We frequently hear it said that the old fashioned fire-place was the best ventilator ever known, and the reason for this is apparent in this view of the matter: the draught was from the floor, and of the cold and poisonous air. A stove fire is both worse and better than a furnace register in a room,—worse because it induces a draught of cold air under the door, over the window, and anywhere else it can find ingress, and better because it draws off an amount of the bad air from the lower part of the room. One of the most vicious contrivances of the age is the damper in the

stove pipe, preventing the escape of those noxious gasses, produced both by respiration and the combustion of the fuel. All farm buildings should be ventilated on this principle: make the exhaust pipes reach from the floor out of the top of the barn, and board up the stables close; depend upon it, the bad air will fall and pass out the draught as soon as the animal heat shall have raised the temperature above that of the outside air.

**HUSBANDS AND WIVES.**—Dr. Byford in his "Philosophy of Domestic Life," just published, by Lee and Shepard, says:

How many men and women talk and stand upon the rights of husband and wife! They are simply barbarians. There are no such things as husbands' rights, or the rights of wives; and if they both conduct themselves properly, such ideas will be incomprehensible. The husband's rights are the wife's rights, and the converse. It is the erroneous confusion of the legal and matrimonial rights that makes so many family wrongs.

## Laws of Vermont, A. D. 1868.

Public Acts, designated by the Secretary of State for publication in the newspapers.

An Act to prevent and punish fraud in the sale of Mineral Waters.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

SEC. 1. It is hereby declared to be unlawful for any person or persons to fill with mineral waters, any bottle marked, stamped or impressed with the name of any spring or springs thereon, without the consent of the owner of said spring or springs, with a fraudulent intent; any person so offending shall be liable to a penalty of fifty cents for each and every bottle so filled.

SEC. 2. Any person or persons who shall willfully vend or keep for sale any mineral water, in any bottle or bottles which shall be marked, stamped or impressed with the name of the mineral water thereon, knowing the same not to be genuine, or who shall, with intent to deceive, knowingly dispose of, in any manner any water bearing the name of any spring, other than that from which it was taken, shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months, or be fined not more than five hundred dollars.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved, November 19, 1868.

## Personal.

Hon. Moses Kimball, the Republican candidate for Mayor of Boston, is a native of Newburyport. His age is 59 years.

Hon. J. Y. Seaman proposes to build a \$750,000 hotel in Chicago.

The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay has been elected Bishop of the new Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Easton, Md.

Bishop Waterhouse, Episcopal head of the Diocese of Illinois has been offered the Archbishopric of the Dominion of Canada.

The Pittsburg Commercial contradicts most emphatically the rumor that Secretary Stanton is broken down in health and fortune.

Mayor Rice, of Chicago, is among the Rocky Mountains.

Rudolphe beat Carme by 105 points, at Chicago, Wednesday evening.

Bishop Bissell, of Vermont, has been visiting Detroit, where he taught school 30 years ago. He is to reside in Burlington.

Carl Schurz, Gov. Fletcher, and Henry T. Blow are mentioned in connection with the Missouri United States Senatorship.

The editor of the Louisville Democrat, in his valedictory, says: "The worst sin I have on my conscience is helping to make great men out of very small material."

Pollard is now denouncing Lee, whom he calls "stupidity affected."

Franklin Townsend, of Albany, has accepted the position of Adjutant-Gen. on Gov. Hoffman's staff.

Wilson, the sewing-machine man, is talked of as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut at the next election.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is about to start a magazine, to be called "Mothers at Home."

Mary Hayes, a Louisville prostitute, has fallen heirless to \$300,000 in gold, bequeathed to her by her grandfather in England.

John B. Gough's silver wedding was celebrated at Worcester, Mass., Tuesday. The gifts are valued at over \$3,000.

Mr. George Thrall, recently of the Osborne House, Rochester, N.Y., has purchased the interest of Messrs. Hatch & Wilcox, in the Bay State House, at Worcester, Mass., to take possession Dec. 1st.

Horace Greeley is to lecture in Montreal next month.

**VERY WELL TOLD.**—The next morning the Judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially, said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons, and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the city ten dollars.

## Poetry.

## The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay"—Say it darling!  
Or child heart! I would that I  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,  
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,  
And the curls head dropped low;  
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,  
Fainter still—"My soul to keep!"  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, you know all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of child heart! Would that I  
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,  
Who he hears my feeblest cry.

## Whipping the Preacher.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD.

"He must be tamed, boys," and Harvey Ingsly brought his clenched hand down upon the large store box beside which he was standing.

"You are right, Harvey," echoed Walt Walters, the acknowledged bully of Skiffton.

"Right! right!" shouted the others. "We will show those church-going people that we will not submit to bullying from anybody, especially a preacher. Old Buell was sent here to try us," said Will Ashton, a rather handsome fellow of seventeen.

"He will find us hard customers to deal with, I'll warrant! He looks weak, but then, the muscle may be in him."

"Aye, it is, boys," said stout Bob Graft. "I was at a meeting—a revival—in Clarke county, last winter. Old Buell preached. We attempted to break it up, and created quite a disturbance. One night, Jim Sykes and I put cayenne pepper on the stove. Buell saw us and stopped preaching. He came down from the pulpit, caught us by the collars, shook us like a terrier shakes rats, carried us to the door, and pitched us out into the snow. The other boys saw what was in the old fellow, and did not interfere. I was sore a week afterward, and I assure you, boys, that the meeting was not broken up. All went on peacefully, and several of the boys joined, among them, Jim Sykes."

"If he handled you so easily, Bob, he must be a Samson," said Harvey, as he surveyed from head to foot the giant Bob.

"Strong! I think he is," resumed Bob. "His grip seemed to crush my shoulder-blade."

"I think I can handle him," said Harvey, rolling up his sleeves to the shoulder, and displaying a mighty arm, the muscles of which stood out like whip cords.

"When will we tackle him?" asked young Ashton, eager for the encounter.

"To-night," said Harvey, who was the ring-leader of the enterprise. "He knows nothing of us, save what the meeting folks told him, and I know they say nothing good of us."

"Of course not," said the others. "Wasn't that a scoring he gave us the other night?" remarked Joe Gibbons.

"He thought so, at any rate," sneered Bob.

"I know I trembled when he said those gentlemen on the back seat. Every person present turned their heads and looked right at us."

"You tremble so often, Joe," said Walt. "You remember when old Ransom caught you in his melon patch?—Didn't you tremble then, eh?"

"Don't bring that up here," returned Joe, who wished bygone to be bygones. "Let's go on with our preacher whipping. What are your plans, Harvey?"

The boys gathered closer around their leader to hear his plans.

"They are as follow," began Ingsly. "We will go to the church to-night in a crowd, and act civil till services are concluded, when we will range ourselves outside the door. Old Buell will come out last, as usual, and I will step up and ask him if he thinks our crowd cut his harness. If he says he does, I will give him the lie, and follow it up with a good drubbing. You must be ready to assist me, if necessary, and attend to members who may want a finger in the pie."

"We will be ready, Harvey," said Nath Jones, laughing at the promised fun.

A minute later, not one of the plotters could be seen on the corner; they had gone to their respective homes to prepare for their nocturnal adventure.

Skiffton was, at the opening of our story, blessed (?) with a gang of rowdies, a "set" of young men who kept the good church-going people, and all peaceably disposed citizens in awe of them. The "set" was, as we have said, led by Harvey Ingsly, a tall fellow of about twenty-two. He laid all plans for the "set," and was the foremost to execute them. Chickens disappeared at his bidding, and among other things the band was guilty of was the declaration that they would break up any meeting held in Walnut Grove Church, about two miles from Skiffton.

The people, thinking the boys would not carry out their impi- us threat, called a preacher to expound to them the gospel. But the boys meant what they had said, and one night a nest of hornets was thrust in a broken window, and the little insects flew hither and thither, stinging a great many of the congregation, and breaking up the meeting.

The church was, small, seating 200, and was never full save at revivals, when the windows and doors had to be opened to allow those who could not gain admittance to hear God's word from the outside.

As night came on, and Luna showed herself surrounded by thousands of beautiful worlds, the Skiffton boys, headed by Harvey Ingsly, set out for Walnut Grove. They entered the church quietly, and took back seats, as was their wont. The minister had not arrived yet, and a prayer meeting was being held.

At last one of the doors opened and the Rev. Mr. Buell entered and walked to the sacred desk. He was a man of medium height, and a beautiful black beard fell to his bosom. His eyes were full and expressive, but a gleam of determination could be seen therein. He

was neatly attired; no jewelry could be seen upon his person. He began his discourse in a modulated voice, and as he warmed with his great subject in true backwoods style, he laid aside his coat, and went on.

"Jehu! what muscle!" whispered Walt Walters, as Mr. Buell raised his right arm, and pointed to the crucifixion on Calvary.

To the delight of the boys, the services were at last concluded, and the members thronged forward to grasp the minister's hand and congratulate him upon his greatest discourse.

"All ready, boys?" whispered Harvey, as Mr. Buell stepped upon the step a moment to converse with one of the deacons. The next minute he was in the crowd of boys, making his way to his buggy, which stood beneath a giant walnut.

"Did you say the Skiffton boys cut your harness, eh, Mr. Buell?" demanded young Ingsly, stepping before the reverend gentleman, completely blocking his way.

"I do not doubt my own eyesight," was the calm rejoinder.

Mr. Buell attempted to move on.

"Then you utter a falsehood!" cried the bully, beginning to draw off his coat. Buell was not quick enough. The minister drew himself up to his full height, his arm shot forward, and Mr. Harvey Ingsly lay full length upon the green sward.

The rest, seeing their leader fall, crowded forward. That arm shot out again and again, and two more went down.

Deacons Jones and White, seeing the disturbance, rushed to the rescue of their beloved minister.

"Back, brethren," said Buell: "I will chastise them myself. Take my coat," and he handed his coat to Deacon White.

"Now, then," he said to his persecutors, "let me say a word. This church has been cursed long enough with your unholy actions, and it falls upon me, a humble follower of the Meek and Lowly, to chastise you. Now, you must severally take a whipping, or depart peaceably to your homes."

The boys looked at each other, then at the stern minister, and concluded to depart. They saw the eye of that man, and had just witnessed his strength. They raised their fallen comrades, and while Mr. Buell put on his coat, they were on their way to Skiffton.

"Come, brethren, we also will depart," said Buell, and soon the grove was deserted.

It was a defeated and discomfited crowd that entered Skiffton that night. "My eyes will be shut for a week," said Walt, putting his hands to his visual orbs, which were fast closing.

"I believe you, Walt," said Harvey; "he strikes like a sledge."

They sought their respective couches, wiser and better young men, for each and every one had secretly resolved in his heart never to try to harm a minister of God again.

The next night the "set" returned to the church, and took front seats, Walt with a bandage over his eyes. The congregation was astonished at their conduct, and thought they intended taking vengeance upon Mr. Buell; but, when the services were over, they walked up, shook their conqueror by the hand, and asked his forgiveness, which was freely granted.

The meetings closed, and more than one-half of the boys who had attacked Mr. Buell were added to the church, and ever since have walked in the straight and narrow way.

Twenty years have passed away, and the Rev. Joel Buell sleeps in the Skiffton cemetery, and above him rises a splendid monument erected by Walt Walters, Esq., now a flourishing merchant.

A new church stands where the old one did, and the people of Skiffton, now a city, worship there. Perhaps the reader will be pleased to know that that noble temple of the living God was erected by Harvey Ingsly, the wealthy manufacturer, whose genial face can be seen near the sacred desk.

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## WOMAN.

**FEMALES, OWING TO THE PECULIAR** and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contribute in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various forms of complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and ere long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands simple specifics which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of those troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

**HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.**—Hundreds suffer on in silence, and hundreds of others apply vainly to druggists and doctors, who either merely tantalize them with the hope of a cure or apply remedies which make them worse. We do not wish to assert anything that would do it justice to the afflicted, but I am obliged to say that although it may be produced from excessive excitement of the pores of life, by laborious employment, unwholesome air and food, profuse menstruation, the use of tea and coffee, and frequent childbirth, it is far often caused by direct irritation, applied to the mucous membrane of the vagina itself.

When reviewing the causes of these distressing complaints, it is most painful to contemplate the attendant evils consequent upon them. It is but simple justice to the subject to enumerate a few of the many additional causes which so largely affect the life, health, and happiness of woman in all classes of society, and which, consequently, affect more or less directly, the welfare of the entire human family. The mania that exists for precocious education and marriage, causes the years that nature designed for corporeal development to be wasted and perverted in the restraints of dress, the early confinement of school, and especially in the unhealthy excitement of the ball-room. Thus, with the body half-clothed, and the mind unduly excited by pleasure, exerting in midnight revel the hours designed by nature for sleep and rest, the work of destruction is half accomplished.

In consequence of this early strain upon her system, unnecessary effort is required by the delicate votary to retain her situation in school at a later day, thus aggravating the evil. When one excitement is over, another in prospective keeps the mind morbidly sensitive to impression, while the body is constantly restrained of fashionable dress, absolutely forbidding the exercise indispensable to the attainment and retention of organic health and strength; the exposure to night air; the sudden change of temperature; the complete prostration produced by excessive dancing, must, of necessity, produce their legitimate effect. At last, an early marriage capes the climax of misery, and the unfortunate one, hitherto so utterly regardless of the plain dictates and remonstrances of her delicate nature, becomes an unwilling victim of medical treatment. This is but a truthful picture of the experience of thousands of our young women.

Long before the ability to exercise the functions of the generative organs, they require an education of their peculiar nervous system, composed of what is called the tissue, which is in common with the female breast and lips, evidently under the control of mental emotions and associations at an early period of life; and as we shall subsequently see, these emotions, when excessive lead, long before, to habits which sap the very life of their victims, and nature has self-protected their development.

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Respectfully,  
J. J. MAY.

[From Francis B. Dixon, Esq., Counselor at Law and Average Adjuster, Boston.]

17 MERCHANTS EXCHANGE,  
Boston, October 3, 1868.

E. S. GOODWIN.

DEAR SIR: I cheerfully comply with your request to give my candid opinion of the merits of the Welden Spring Water. For some years I have suffered much from Dyspepsia, and having exhausted patent